

9-25-1911

Letter from Janet E. Davison, Wellesley,
Massachusetts, to Mrs. R. J. Davison, Bath, New
York, 1911 September 25

Janet E. Davison

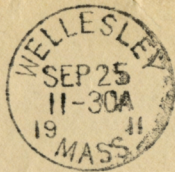
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Mrs. R. J. Davison,
6 E. Washington Ave.
Bath,
N. Y.



18 Belair Ave.,
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Mother, —

Your letter
came last night
and I was mighty
glad to hear from
you, as well as
pleased to hear
the ^{specally} good news
you gave therein.

My trunk isn't
here yet. I hardly
know what to do

about it but if it
isn't here tomorrow
a.m. I'm going to
Boston and hunt
it up. It makes
things very hard
~~but~~ tomorrow study
begins and settling
will have to come
whenever I can
get an extra morning.
I wanted it like
everything Friday
and Saturday when

There wasn't a living thing
to do.

The Christian Association
reception was very nice. I
went with a Junior, Jessie
Prisch, who was a class-
and fraternity-mate of
Cherrie Sutton at Syracuse
year before last. She also
comes from Miss Witt-
mann's home town and is
a former pupil of hers. She
is living at Norumbega now,
and knows Sarah Parker.
I met oceans of girls at
the reception, but came
home tired out. I'm
sleepy every minute
and my cot is lumpier
than I'm used to and
likewise I have one
narrow sheet to do for two.

2.

If my trunk comes
and I can have
bed-clothes, napkins,
towels and pillows
I think Wellesley
will seem nicer.

We all went to
chapel this a.m.

The preacher, a
New Haven man,
did not preach
soft facts and ^{many}
of the freshmen and
waxed weepy. I
confess I could have

done it myself except
~~that~~ I'm barred not
to.

Helen, Ruths Scatts
and Gladys Dodge
have gone to write
letters on the campus.
Sarah Parker told me
she was coming over
this P.M. so I have
to stay in. She's wel-
come to come but I
wish she hadn't told
me her intentions.

Yesterday at 2:00
I went to the Syn.

for my Physical Examination.
It took till six and as our
first formal dinner was at
that hour I was some
stirred up as it's a good
mile-and-a-half and maybe
more out to East gate from
the Gym. While I was waiting
there I fell in with a ^{waiting}
Helen Martin, cousin to
Myra, who lives at Lima.
After we were clothed
and combed again, I met
her mother who was a (C.L.D.)
girl just before your day I
imagine. She met her hus-
band at C.L.D. and her
sister-in-law, the other
Mrs. Martin did the same.
The latter one lives at
Honeyoye Falls (Is that the
way you spell 'em?)

Her maiden name was awfully "German" but I can't remember it. Last night I met Myra but never realized it till long afterward and don't even know how she looks.

Would you like to know who the girls here are? I don't know them all myself but Ruth Scatts, our ~~place~~

proctor, has a single
across the hall.

Margaret Harris and
Gladys Dodge have
the next room. The

bath-room is next to
ours. Beyond that

Miss Chapman, our
Student Government
Senior, has a single.

Charlotte Cushman
and Mary Simpson
are at the end of the
hall and around
the corner there
are three Ruths
and a Helen.

where the Stones live, I don't know. - There are five of them.

Helen's father came out Friday. He's awfully nice and invited us in to dinner Monday but I don't think, considering several things, that I'll go.

Monday 9. M.

Yesterday 9. M. was flower Sunday and the sermon was by some New Haven man who couldn't preach for cold potatoes.

While I was still writing in the P. M. Sarah and Marion Prince came to see Lucinda Smith and me and took me down to Wellesley Inn to see the other Texas girl, Lucy Holt.

4.

Then I went to
Chapel, College
Hall & Freeman
House with Sarah
and she was simply
lovely to me. I
saw Helen Ross
at Chapel. The service
last night was a
memorial to the
founder and the
speaker, Miss
Hodgkins, was great.
I take back all the
things I've said

about Sarah. If
my letters to you
and G'ma are
circulated I wish
you'd scratch out
those parts.

Saturday I had
the worst scare!
I went to the cashier
with my certificate
and she said, "Go to
the dean." I had to
wait outside her door
for a half hour and
was seized with
all manner of


vain imaginings but finally Miss Angie Chapin, acting dean, looked up my Physics Note Book record and it was all right. Then I paid the cashier my \$1.75 and felt rather pecked.

This evening there's a concert for the Freshmen in College Hall Chapel. This A. M. I'm going up to get my books & try out for the choir. Then I look for my trunk.

Tomorrow A. M. we get our class assignments at eight. Tomorrow night Marion & Sarah have invited Lucinda and me to supper on the Lake if their boat comes in time. As we have to send our linen all home, I don't

5.
know how soon I'll
have to send my
laundry. I think
that it would be
better if you'd get
a good sized telescope
at the store, have it
marked laundry
and send, as soon
as possible, the
other pillow-cases,
my slicker, any coat
that suits you and
seems big enough
and that you can

get at the store (run
mind warmth for
I'll probably wear
my sweater with it
anyway), and the
narrowest high
tan "stogies", good
for tramping and
plodding, that you
can find. I think
you can get B with
somewhere at home.
Then you could send
them on approval
and if they didn't
fit I could return

them with my laundry.
My steamer rug will
do for a couch cover all
right, and I would like
a waste basket of ~~light~~
 blue cretonne. That
could also come ~~with~~ ⁱⁿ the
telescope. I'll have to get
a small shirt-waist box
as we have only one dresser
in the room, a chiffonier
in the hall, one desk
and a closet too small
for hangers. For two cents
and a fish-hook I'd send
my pink dress home. Do
you think it'll muss it too
awfully to leave it in that
little box? The trunk room
is in the cell ar so I can't
put it in my trunk.

Now if these demands are too many, forgive them & do only what seems best to you. I think, however, that the whole scheme would be cheaper and easier than for me to go to Boston and I dread going there to shop.

Write soon.

My love to all,

Janet,
Sept. 25, 1911.